

The Bonny Milk Maid.



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YE Nymphs and Sylvian Gods,
That love green fields and woods,
Where spring newly blown,
Herself does adorn,
With flowers and blooming buds;
Come sing in the praise,
Whilst flocks do graze,
In yonder pleasant vale;
Of those that chuse
Their sleep to lose,
And in cold dews,
With clouted shoes,
Do carry the milking pail.

The Goddess of the morn,
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh air;
Whilst linnets prepare,
A concert on each green thorn;
The blackbird and the thrush,
On every bush,
And charming nightingale,
In merry vein,
Their throats do strain,
To entertain,
The jolly train,
That carry the milking pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar
And flowers can spring no more
The fields that were seen,
So pleasant and green,
By winter all candied o'er;
O how the town lass,
Looks with a white face,
And her lips a deadly pale;
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Through frost and snow,
With cheeks that glow,
To carry the milking pail.

The miss of country mould,
Adorn'd with pearls and gold,
Then with washes and paint,
Her skin does so taint,
She withers before she is old;
Whilst she in commodore
Puts on a cart load,
And with cushions plumps up her tail;
What joys are found,
In russet gound,
Young plump and round,
And sweet and sound,
That carries the milking pail.

The girl of Venus's game,
That ventures health and fame,
In practising feats,
With colds and with heats,
Makes love grow blind and lame;
If men were so wise,
To value the prize,
Of wares most fit for sale;
What store of beaux,
Would daub their clothes,
To save a nose,
By following those,
Who carry the milking pail.

A country lad is free,
From fear and jealousy
When upon the Green,
He is often seen,
With a lass upon his knee,
With kisses most sweet,
He does her greet
And swears she will ne'er grow stale;
While the London lass,
In every place,
With her brazen face,
Despises the grace,
Of those who carry the milking pail.